

The Naming of New York.

ON August 27, 1664, an English expedition under Nichols suddenly appeared in the harbor off New Amsterdam and forced the Dutch to surrender. The name of the city was then officially changed to New York, in honor of the Duke of York.

Do You Like a Thrilling Story? Read "The Fatal Ring"



Magazine Page



Important Dates in Our History.

ONE hundred and forty-one years ago occurred the memorable Battle of Long Island, which resulted in the loss of New York and the flocking of many citizens to the cause of the enemy. Washington's escape with the greater part of his forces was a masterpiece of maneuvering.

Our Best Society

This Man Finds It's Harder to Be a Good Business Man Than He Does to Be a Good Friend.

By Mary Ellen Sigsbee



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MONEY does not go far nowadays. Tradesmen feel that they must apologize for the price of their goods to their old customers. The grocer sees that the weekly expenditure of the people he knows brings them less and less food.

The wolf is never very far from the door of the poor. With those families that could afford only the barest necessities before this rise in prices, the present conditions mean hardship and suffering.

The man in this picture keeps a corner grocery in a neighborhood where every cent counts. He is very popular, but in spite of this, he has more than once trembled on the edge of business failure. Sometimes he feels that kindness of heart is a virtue that is misplaced in an up-to-date tradesman who deals in the necessities of life.

The woman is an old customer. She is hard working and economical. Her husband is ill and unable to work. All that they have saved—which was not much—has disappeared. The woman wants to buy on credit for a little while. When the husband is well again she will be able to pay her bill, she says.

The grocer remembers similar cases where the bills have not been paid where sickness has been long or death removed the worker. His business judgment tells him to be careful. He remembers that he has a family of his own to safeguard, and he cannot turn away from this old customer. In

spite of his business judgment he gives her credit. The corner grocer has saved more than one family from imminent distress.

This man will never be rich. He is more likely some day to be very poor. His successful competitors may come to smile contemptuously at his lack of business acumen. But this man is trying to succeed in a field where his competitors have not yet even begun to struggle.

Wiseacres tell us that struggle is the condition of human progress, and they are probably right. But some human creatures have graduated from the tooth and claw stage of struggle and pursue theirs on a plane that is higher in evolution and nearer to the heart of things. This man's struggle lies primarily within his own nature. His problem is how to show the maximum of generosity and yet take the minimum of risk for those dependent upon him.

The world has not yet evolved large numbers of people of this man's calibre, but there are some of them. They are the simple, kindly souls, found of tenet in obscure positions, who pay little heed to the struggle for money, and place that goes on about them.

There are in the world all kinds of success, and the world's Best Society consists of those who are not dazzled by the kind which is usually called by that name.

HICTANER 'The Man Fish'

By Jean de la Hire

A Strange Story of Mystery and Fanaticism

"GO to look for the provisions," said Severac, jumping from a rock into the launch—and hurry!"

The four men went to the summit of the cliff. They entered the grotto once more and soon came out, each bearing a heavy basket on his head. Martail pressed the little cube of stone which controlled the rocks with his foot, and the great blocks drew together once more. Martail covered it with gravel, and fifteen minutes later the four companions were aboard the Bakouine.

"The soldiers sleep well," said Vampa.

They all began to laugh. They did not know that the troop of engineers had abandoned Cape Creus.

"Before going out to sea, I should like to salute Admiral Germinet's torpedoes with a shot from the electric mirror," Martail, doubling the cape, Vampa, put on first speed.

Martail held the steering wheel, Vampa controlled the motor.

The Bakouine had quickly doubled the point of the cape, and Severac, standing forward, was already aiming his electric mirror.

But no torpedo's dark bulk loomed against the calm sea in the silvery moonlight. No lights twinkled.

"Are they gone?" asked Tchouvine.

"Not a ship lay in the waters of Cape Creus."

"It is a pity," sneered Severac. "I should have taken great pleasure in putting a torpedo on or so in two with my electric mirror. It would have reminded me of the time I cut bars at Fort Saint Jean. Cape to the south, Martail. To Cabrera is 36 minutes east longitude and 9 degrees 10 minutes north latitude. Fourth speed, Vampa."

The Bakouine sped along in the direction Hictaner and Admiral Germinet's fleet had taken.

Paston was speeding the two dangerous enemies to the same point of the vast globe.

They were not destined to find what they sought, but they met face in face. Fate, who had decided it, alone could tell.

For an hour, not a word was spoken aboard the Bakouine. Tchouvine and Germinet were asleep on the deck, and Vampa watched the motor. Martail manipulated the rudder wheel and Severac was seated forward, with his elbows on his knees and his chin in his hands, dreaming of the distant, and letting his eyes wander over the immensity of the dark sea.

Great clouds blowing from the east were rolling across the sky, hiding the moon almost continuously. The breeze began to grow stiffer, and the sea, after a week's calm, billowed with spray created waves, white flashes in the darkness.

Severac's eye was suddenly attracted to a distant light which disappeared rhythmically in the trough of the sea. At first there were two, then four, and they were evidently the lights of a vessel.

"Take care, Martail," said Severac in a low voice as he turned to the stern.

Vampa woke Tchouvine and Germinet with a nudge.

The two men rose, and they all fixed their eyes upon the lights in the distance, which became more and more distinct.

"They are lanterns of two torpedoes," said Severac, "near to the light, Martail—let them pass to port. Whatever torpedoes they are, I must not see them. If they are Admiral Germinet's, it is best not to notice their passing."

"I have been thinking about it. It could have been stupid to electrocute him, if I had found them at Cape Creus."

"Where can they be going?" murmured Germinet. "They are headed for the Balearics, you see."

The Bakouine glided along the surface of the water at full speed, without any light to betray its presence. Soon it was opposite one torpedo, which it passed, and then the other.

"Severac," whispered Martail, "do you see a submarine navigating the surface to starboard at the rear?"

"Yes, and another forward, to port."

"Divine, Martail," ordered Severac. "I don't care for any unannounced comment on our presence. We will dive."

Thereupon Tchouvine, Germinet, and Severac disappeared by the hatchway at the same time Vampa touched a button. The movable cover of the Bakouine rose from each side, and the vessel was hermetically closed, and without slackening its speed, the launch dived obliquely until within ten yards of the bottom.

After twenty minutes beneath the water's surface, it grew boundedly violently out of the sea, and she sank down in a fountain of spray to go on her way, with uncovered deck and open hatches.

A little while later Tchouvine and Germinet appeared on deck, and there was animated discussion as to the strange coincidence of the Botilla's going in the same direction as the Bakouine.

Why should Admiral Germinet be going toward the Balearics? Severac then had the unhappy thought: that the destruction of the grottoes and the abduction of Molette and Vera was Hictaner's work, which would

explain Admiral Germinet's destination. Doubtless something had made him suspect, or definitely learn that Hictaner was carrying Molette away to the mysterious little house at Cabrera, and therefore he was going there to sign the treaty of peace with the happy Hictaner.

These were only conjectures, but they were sufficiently plausible to transport Severac with jealous rage. "Faster, Vampa! Faster!" he cried. Even when the machinist replied that they were going at full speed he felt that the Bakouine was very slow, so consumed was he with impatience.

Dawn came, and then the day itself. The sun hid behind a heavy curtain of clouds reaching from the east to the zenith. The wind blew like a hurricane, and the Bakouine bounded through the growing waves—now swept from stem to stern, and now hanging from the top of a wave with her keel almost wholly out of water.

Tchouvine and Germinet had gone into the cabin, Vampa had closed the hatchway leading to the machinery, and Martail, at the wheel, had enveloped himself almost hermetically in a pilot's cloak.

Severac alone did not see the threatening storm, did not feel the shock of the waves which were inundating them, nor the lashing of the spray. He was clinging to a ring on deck, devouring with his eyes the gray bulk of Marjorca in the distance, indistinct and cloudy.

"In half an hour," he said, "we shall be at Cabrera, and there I shall know the truth, though I die for it."

He counted the minutes.

Hictaner had arrived three hours before Severac distinguished the cliffs of Marjorca in the mist.

He did not penetrate the submarine harbor, where he had lived so many years.

With the knowledge of the little white house on the island so lately gained from Molette, he left his torpedo at the bottom, went ashore and straight to the door of the house, where he knocked.

A peep hole was opened and a pair of suspicious eyes shone behind the grating.

"Who are you?"

"I have been sent by the master of the Lost Isle."

The door opened and Hictaner found himself in the presence of a heathen priest, who, when he beheld the strange man whose face alone he had seen through the hole, drew back.

"You do not know who I am?" asked Hictaner.

"No, I do not know," stammered the priest.

"I am Hictaner. Have you heard of me?"

"Hictaner? The one whom the master created? Yes, we often spoke of you in former days, but we have never seen you."

The priest felt reassured now, delighted by beholding the marvelous being with his own eyes.

"You come most opportunely," he went on.

"Opportunely? How?"

"Because I got a message about you from the master not a minute ago. A message? What did it say?"

"The master asks that you leave for the Lost Isle the moment it reaches you."

"Then Molette is not here?" exclaimed Hictaner with beating heart.

"Molette? No," replied the brother in accordance with Antil's instructions.

It was the truth, however.

"He has not been here?" insisted Hictaner tremblingly.

"No," he answered, "she has not been here."

"You lie," exclaimed Hictaner, haunted by a persistent presentiment.

"You can visit the house," replied the monk, placidly. "You may open the door of her passage."

Hictaner followed the man, well knowing that Molette was not then at Cabrera, but believing that if she had been he would be able to discover some traces of her passing.

In only one room did he see anything suggestive of Molette's rooms at the Lost Isle. But, from the appearance of this empty hanging, of the chairs piled in a corner and covered over, he was convinced that the room had not been inhabited for long months.

The priest actually remarked: "But is the master summons you to the Lost Isle, it must be undoubtedly because he can tell you where Molette is."

The idea struck Hictaner favorably. "Perhaps," he said to himself, "Orus" and Fulbert really do know. They know so many things. The chain of submarine telephones, their spies stationed everywhere, would not let them remain long ignorant of anything. Molette is not here. They must know where she is. "But the plank man nothing, after all? Or was Vera herself deceived?"

"Perhaps as Severac's accomplice she was trying to put those who searched for Molette off the scent. But my heart will not believe that Molette is buried in the demolished grottoes. I will go to the Lost Isle."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

The Fatal Ring

A STORY OF MYSTERY AND ROMANCE

One of the Arabs Hides the Violet Diamond Given to Him by Pearl to Save Tom



Pearl appeals to the Arabs to hurry with her message.

(Novelized from the photo-play "The Fatal Ring")

By Fred Jackson.

Episode 8.

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CERTAINLY all would have been over with Tom Carleton in another moment had not the Arab from the lower hall determined to take matters into his own hands. He did not know how important Pearl's news was. He knew very little of what was going forth, but he was impressed by her look of anxiety and he respected old Haggi. Pressing his way forward through the eager throng of Arabs he reached the side of the Priest, Hassan, who was with Hamid, his fellow, second in importance to the High Priestess.

"One moment, Hassan. I pray you," he cried swiftly. "Old Haggi is below with a woman who brings news of the Violet Diamond. She asks audience with the High Priestess in haste!"

Hassan turned slowly and regarded the Arab who addressed him. Bloodthirstiness and relief struggled upon his swarthy countenance for mastery. But are the lifted sacrificial knife could fall and sever Tom's head from his body Hassan spoke sharply:

"Hold! There is news of the Violet Diamond!" he shouted.

All turned toward him. Tom swallowed a lump in his throat and drew a long breath of relief. The majority of the Arabs, however, looked disgruntled.

The High Priestess was not in sympathy with them this time. To her, the recovery of the diamond was a thousand times more important than the death of this insignificant American.

"Stay the sacrifice until this message can be investigated," she commanded.

Who's Who in the Thrilling New Film

Pearl Standish PEARL WHITE
Richard Carslake Warner Oland
The High Priestess Ruby Hoffman
Nicholas Knox Earle Foxe
Tom Carleton Henry Gsell

manded, glancing at the executioner. He regretfully lowered the knife.

But as the High Priestess turned toward the door, Hassan stepped forward.

"It may be a trick. I pray you let me go," he said.

Graciously, the High Priestess nodded, and Hassan moved toward the door. The others waited with what patience they could muster until he should return to them with news of his investigation.

Meanwhile, not knowing what was passing while the minutes ticked by, Pearl was almost beside herself with anxiety as she waited. And when the door finally opened to admit Hassan, she advanced toward him with cyclonic eagerness, scarcely able to control her impatience. At a sign from Hassan, old Haggi passed out.

"I came to see the Priestess! Where is the Priestess? Don't tell me I am too late!" cried the girl.

"I was here before midnight. She gave me until midnight, and I was here at two minutes to twelve!"

"You came in ample time," replied Hassan reassuringly.

"And—Mr. Carleton?" she asked, already relieved.

"No harm has come to him—yet!" answered Hassan, with sly significance.

Pearl caught her breath sharply.

"No harm will come to him at all, then, for I have brought back the violet diamond," she announced gravely.

"You have the diamond?" repeated Hassan, starting toward her. "Yes."

"With you?"

"Yes," answered Pearl, holding it out upon the palm of her hand so that he could see it. His eyes began to blaze as he stared at it. He wet his twitching lips.

"Give it to me," he demanded. "If you would save your lover's life, give it to me swiftly that I may show it to the priestess!"

Pearl hesitated an instant—and obeyed. Hassan snatched it and rushed to the door. Passing out, he carefully locked it behind him. Then he stood staring down for a long time at the gem in his hand. It's violet fire seemed to exercise a baleful influence upon him.

He thought of the terrific power the holder of that stone might wield.

He could be master of the earth, high lord of life and death!

Forgetting—in his sudden dream of power—all loyalty to his order, Hassan turned—and gazed toward an ornamental figure near the fireplace. It offered a hiding place for the diamond—a temporary hiding place that no one would think of searching.

To Be Continued Tomorrow.

"Good Housekeeping" Recipes

Cold Fruit Pudding.

Two cupfuls stale cake crumbs, one cupful cooked prune pulp, one cupful whipped cream.

If possible, a few fruit cake crumbs should be used in the two cupfuls. The prunes should be measured after the skin and stones have been removed. Mix fruit and crumbs till they are like a smooth paste, then add cream, and beat till well blended. Turn into a shallow granite pan and stand in a cool place for three hours. Cut into square portions for serving and accompany with whipped cream. The prune mixture should not be liquid or the pudding will not be stiff enough.

Love Apples.

Mix medium-sized apples, one-half cupful sugar, one-half teaspoonful salt, six medium-sized tomatoes, one-quarter cupful butter, one-half cupful bread crumbs and one-third cupful boiling water.

Cure the apples and fill with sugar and dots of butter. Cut a small hollow in the stem end of the tomatoes, fill with bread crumbs and

Good food properly cooked goes far toward insuring health and long years. As much depends on the cooking, however, as on the food itself. The following recipes have been tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute, conducted by GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, and are republished here by special arrangement with that publication, the Nation's Greatest Home Magazine.

dot with butter. Sprinkle salt over all and bake with water in a pan until done. A rich sauce will be found in the pan. Serve one tomato and one apple, with sauce to each person.

Ring-Around-a-Rosy Salad.

Four large sweet apples, two cupfuls diced celery, one quart little yellow tomatoes, one large red tomato mayonnaise, French dressing, lettuce and ripe olives.

Peel the yellow tomatoes and let

them stand in French dressing for thirty minutes. Chop the apple and celery together quite fine, molatan well with mayonnaise, and make piles of this on nests of lettuce leaves. Surround this with the yellow tomatoes and decorate with the red tomato cut in sections and placed on top of each pile of apple and celery. A bit of mayonnaise and an olive should surmount it all.

Yale Blueberry Cake.

One-quarter cupful butter, two-thirds cupful sugar, 1 egg, 1 1/4 cupfuls flour, two-thirds teaspoonful soda, 1/4 teaspoonful salt, few drops lemon or orange extract, 1/4 cupful water, 1 cupful blueberries, 1 teaspoonful cream of tartar.

Cream together butter, sugar and egg yolk; sift the flour with the soda, cream of tartar and salt, and add alternately with the water to first mixture. Add flavoring and egg-white beaten stiff. Spread half the batter in a pan, add berries to remaining batter, and spread on top. Bake about 45 minutes in a moderate oven.

Once Overs

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So you "despise" that would-be friend of yours because you think he has so many little despotic traits. For one thing he is egotistical. You hate that.

You would not care for him at all if he had no pride, would you? But this man has too much self-esteem.

If he were a little more modest in his claims for himself, you might be able to tolerate him.

Isn't he able to make good his boasts? Then give him credit for his certain knowledge.

Of course, it is disagreeable to be obliged to associate with a puffed up, conceited, know-it-all, but if he ever comes to see himself as others do he may realize he is acting like a silly fool.

Tell him about it if you feel like it, but you cannot afford to spend time, not even a moment, "despising" him.

Think of it as a mistaken form of self-expression—then dismiss it.

You May Be About the Same

The Manicure Lady

By WILLIAM F. KIRK

"I HAD a lovely day down to the beach yesterday," said the Manicure Lady. "I swam and danced and got sunburned grand."

"I stayed home yesterday," said the Head Barber. "I read the Sunday papers clean through, and all. I didn't have no excitement, but I had my comfort, and I just gotta have my comfort."

"That ain't the proper spirit, these days, George," said the Manicure Lady. "Folks owes it to themselves to get around and see what is going on in order that they may be in shape to answer when their country calls them to the colors. I read that in a Sunday paper, and it sounded good to me."

"You read a lot of things in a Sunday paper," said the Head Barber, "but that don't say you gotta fall for everything you read. That Chicago feller, George Ade, used to tell about a janitor named Ernest, that had been kicked on the head by a mule when he was young, and that believed every thing he read in the Sunday papers. Of course, I read them myself, but

I'm getting to be more and more of a show me guy the older I get."

"Let me tell you one thing, George," declared the Manicure Lady, "there ain't much happiness left in the world for a gent that gets so worldly and clinical that he don't believe nothing no more. If you want to be a frozen face you don't need to be giving other people them blue notions."

"I seen one article about a fellow that has invented a mixture to rub on a gent's face and take off the hair for good. Of course, it's some fake, but what if it shouldn't be? There'd be a lot us artists out of work, I'm figuring."

"It sure would be a awful whack at honest labor," agreed the Manicure Lady, "but there would be a lot of kind-hearted gentle that wouldn't see the barbers get the worst of it, and would keep coming back for more shaves. And besides, they would miss us girls, too, so you needn't to worry none."

"Well, maybe them items I see in the papers is like a lot of the war news," said the Head Barber. "I was reading in one paper not long ago where the Russians gained ten miles on a six mile front, or six

miles on a ten mile front, and the next day I seen where they had been getting pushed back steady ever since they started their offensive or defensive tactics. Them tactics must take a lot of brainwork and footwork, believe me. I guess that's the hardest part of being a soldier, doing them tattleticks."

"I don't know nothing about tattleticks and I don't want to," said the Manicure Lady. "All I know is that in these here stirring times the gents ain't giving proper attention to their finger nails. Business is fierce, and the outlook is fierce. George, I guess I'll get a job in moving pictures, after all. Joe Hill said he could land me in a draw called 'The Bitter Fang' or 'Fang Bitter,' or some such name, and I guess I'll take the chance."

"Looks ain't everything, good nees knows; but in this business a kinda sweet face brings home the bacon, and I ain't heard nobody knock my looks none. I honest believe I'll give it a whirl. George, wouldn't it be strange if I should get to be a actress star?"

"It would be stranger than that," said the Head Barber. "I guess that's the sixth guy that blew out this morning without clipping me no change."